

1. Deh vieni, non tardar - Le nozze di Figaro (1786)

W.A. Mozart

Giunse alfin il momento
Che godrò senza affanno
In braccio all'idol mio!
Timide cure, uscite dal mio petto,
A turbar non venite il mio diletto!
Oh, come par che all'amoroso foco
L'amenità del loco,
La terra e il ciel risponda!
Come la notte i furti miei seconda!

Deh, vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella,
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella.
Finché non splende in ciel notturna face
Finché l'aria è ancor bruna e il mondo tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l'aura,
Che col dolce sussurro il cor ristaura;
Qui ridono i fioretti, e l'erba è fresca:
Ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adescia.
Vieni, ben mio: tra queste piante ascose
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

2. Tres horas antes del día - La Marchenera (1928)

F.M. Torroba

Tres horas antes del día
la lunita buscaba al sol, ¡ah!
y va de estrella en estrella,
¡ay!, buscando su resplandor.

Tengo un querer forastero
que por los ojos entró;
voy de suspiro en suspiro,
¡ay!, buscando su corazón.

La primera rosa,
la más primorosa,
que den mis rosales,
al florecer te la daré...
Tómala.
Tómala, que es tempranera,
y tu corazón y el mío
dentro van unidos
como un solo ser.
Tómala;
tenla dentro de tu pecho
guarda con siete llaves,
pa que ya en la vía,
se salga de él...
Tómala, mi querer te la da.

1. Oh come, don't delay - The Marriage of Figaro (1786)

W.A. Mozart

Finally the moment has arrived
for me to give myself to pleasure without worry
in the arms of my beloved.
Fearful anxieties, be gone from my heart,
do not disturb my moment of joy!
Oh, it seems that to my amorous fire
the amenity of this place,
the earth and the sky responds,
as if the night responds to my ruses!

Oh come, do not be late, my beloved,
come where love calls you to pleasure
until the night sky no longer glows,
while the world is still dark and silent.
Here murmurs the brook, the air dances,
and with sweet whispers heals the heart,
here flowers giggle and the grass is fresh,
everything entices the pleasures of love.
Come, dear, among these hidden trees,
I want to crown your head with roses.

2. Three hours before the day - La Marchenera (1928)

F.M. Torroba

Three hours before the day
the moon sought the sun, ah!
going from star to star,
ah! seeking its radiance.

I have fallen for a stranger
who captured me with his eyes;
I go from sigh to sigh,
ah!, seeking his heart.

The first rose,
the most exquisite,
that flowers in my rose garden,
as I yield it to him, I will say...
Take it.
Take it, that is the first fruit,
and your heart and mine
beat within us as one
in one being.
Take it;
within your breast,
securely hidden,
already on its way,
my heart is gone ...
Take it, I want to give it to you.

Pregonero, pregonero,
ve y publícame este pregón:
¡Ah! ¿De quién es este cariño
que he encontrado en mi corazón? ¡Ah!
Toda la gente lo sabe
y el bien de mi vida, no.
Pregonero, pregonero,
ve y pública mi este pregón.
Tómala...
Así hace quien sabe querer de verdad!

3. 教我如何不想他(1926)

Music: 赵元任 / Text: 刘半农

天上飘着些微云,
地上吹着些微风,
啊, 微风吹动了我的头发,
叫我如何不想他?
月光恋爱着海洋,
海洋恋爱着月光。

啊, 这般蜜也似的银夜,
教我如何不想他?
水面落花慢慢流,
水底鱼儿慢慢游。

啊, 燕子你说些什么话?
叫我如何不想他?
枯树在冷风里摇,
野火在暮色中烧。

啊, 西天还有些儿残霞,
叫我如何不想他?

4. Les filles de Cadix (1874)

L. Délibes

Nous venions de voir le taureau,
Trois garçons, trois fillettes,
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau
Et nous dansions un boléro
Au son des castagnettes.
'Dites-moi, voisin,
Si j'ai bonne mine,
Et si ma basquine
Va bien, ce matin.
Vous me trouvez la taille fine ?...
Ah! ah!
Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela.'

Town crier, town crier
hear, and proclaim this cry:
For whom is this fond affection
that I have found in my heart?
Surely the crowd knows,
but the beloved of my soul, not.
Town crier, town crier
hear, and proclaim this cry.
Take it...
Does anyone know really how to love!

3. How can I not miss him there (1926)

Music: Zhao Yuanren / Text: Liu Bannong

Some thin clouds were floating in the sky;
A gentle breeze was breathing over the land.
Ah, the breeze blew and stirred up my hair,
How can I not miss him there?
The moonlight was in love with the sea.
The sea was in love with the moonlight.

Ah, this honey-like, silvery night, sweet and fair,
How can I not miss him there?
Slow, slow, the fallen blossoms on the water flew;
Slow, slow, the fish swam under the water.

Ah, swallow, what are you blabbing about?
How can I not miss him there?
Bare twigs were swaying in the chill.
Wildfire was enflaming at dusk.

Ah, in the west sky there was still some sunset flare;
How can I not miss him there?

4. The girls of Cadiz (1874)

L. Délibes

We'd just left the bullfight,
Three boys, three girls,
The sun shone on the grass
And we danced a bolero
To the sound of castanets.
'Tell me, neighbour,
Am I looking good,
And does my skirt
Suit me, this morning?
Have I a slender waist?
Ah! Ah!
The girls of Cadiz are rather fond of that.'

Et nous dansions un boléro
Un soir, c'était dimanche.
Vers nous s'en vint un hidalgo
Cousu d'or, la plume au chapeau,
Et la poing sur la hanche:
'Si tu veux de moi,
Brune au doux sourire,
Tu n'as qu'a le dire,
Cet or est à toi.
-- Passez votre chemin, beau sire...
Ah! Ah!
Les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas cela.'

And we were dancing a bolero,
One Sunday evening.
A hidalgo came towards us,
Glittering in gold, feather in cap,
And hand on hip:
'If you want me,
Dark beauty with the sweet smile,
You've only to say so,
And these riches are yours.'
Go on your way, fine sir.
Ah! ah!
The girls of Cadiz don't take to that.

5. Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém - Rusalka (1901)

A.Dvořák

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém
Světlo tvé daleko vidí,
Po světě bloudíš širokém,
Díváš se v příbytky lidí.

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli
Řekni mi, kde je můj milý
Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,
mé že jej objímá rámě,
aby si alespoň chvíličku
vzpomenul ve snění na mě.
Zasviť mu do daleka,
řekni mu, řekni mu, kdo tu naň čeká!

O mne-li duše lidská sní,
ať se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

5. Song to the moon - Rusalka (1901)

A.Dvořák

Moon in the deep sky,
Your light sees far away,
You wander around the wide sky
Peering into human dwellings.

Moon, stand still for a moment,
Tell me, tell where my beloved is!
Tell him silver moon,
That my arms are embracing him,
So that he for at least an instant
Remembers me in his dreams.
Shine to a distance for him, shine for him
Tell him, tell who is here waiting for him!

If his human soul is dreaming about me,
May that remembrance awake him!
Moon, don't disappear, don't disappear!

6. 我住长江头 (1930)

Music: 青主 / Text: 李之仪

我住长江头，
君住长江尾。
日日思君不见君，
共饮长江水。

此水几时休？
此恨何时已？
只愿君心似我心，
定不负相思意。

6. I live at the head of the Yangtze River (1930)

Music: Qing Zhu / Text: Li Zhiyi

I live upstream of the Yangtze River.
and you downstream
Day after day of you I dream, but you're not in view,
although we both drink from its waters.

When will the water flow no more?
When will my grief grow no longer?
I just wish your heart would be like mine;
Then sure, I know I do not pine for you in vain.

7. Sì, mi chiamano Mimi - La bohème (1896)
G. Puccini

Sì. Mi chiamano Mimì
ma il mio nome è Lucia.
La storia mia è breve.
A tela o a seta
ricamo in casa e fuori...
Son tranquilla e lieta
ed è mio svago
far gigli e rose.

Mi piaccion quelle cose
che han sì dolce malia,
che parlano d'amor, di primavera,
di sogni e di chimere,
quelle cose che han nome poesia...
Lei m'intende?

Mi chiamano Mimì,
il perché non so.
Sola, mi fo il pranzo da me stessa.
Non vado sempre a messa,
ma prego assai il Signore.
Vivo sola, soletta

là in una bianca cameretta:
guardo sui tetti e in cielo;
ma quando vien lo sgelo
il primo sole è mio
il primo bacio dell'aprile è mio!

Germoglia in un vaso una rosa...
Foglia a foglia la spio!
Così gentile il profumo d'un fiore!
Ma i fior ch'io faccio, ahimè,
non hanno odore.

Altro di me non le saprei narrare.
Sono la sua vicina
che la vien fuori d'ora a importunare.

7. Yes, they call me Mimi - La bohème (1896)
G. Puccini

Yes, they call me Mimi
but my true name is Lucia.
My story is brief.
With cloth or silk
I embroider at home or away...
I am happy and at peace
and my pastime
is to make lilies and roses.

I love all things
that have sweet magic,
that speak of love, of spring,
of dreams and fanciful things,
those things of poetry...
You understand me?

They call me Mimi,
but I don't know why.
Alone, I make lunch by myself.
I do not always go to church,
but I pray always to the Lord.
I live alone, all alone.

There in a white little room
I look over the roofs and into the sky
but when comes the thaw
The first sun is mine,
the first kiss of April is mine!

A rose blossoms in a vase...
Leaf by leaf I observe it!
So delicate is the perfume of a flower!
But the flowers that I make, alas,
don't have a fragrance!

I wouldn't know what else to tell you about me.
I am only your neighbor
who comes to bother you at an odd hour.

8. Meine Lippen sie küssen so heiss - Giuditta (1934)

F. Lehár

Ich weiß es selber nicht,
warum man gleich von Liebe spricht,
wenn man in meiner Nähe ist,
in meine Augen schaut und meine Hände küsst.

Ich weiß es selber nicht
warum man von dem Zauber spricht,
dem keiner widersteht, wenn er mich sieht
wenn er an mir vorüber geht.

Doch wenn das rote Licht erglüht
Zur mitternächt'gen Stund
Und alle lauschen meinem Lied,
dann wird mir klar der Grund:

Meine Lippen, sie küssen so heiß
Meine Glieder sind schmiegsam und weiß(weich),
In den Sternen da steht es geschrieben:
Du sollst küssen, du sollst lieben!

Meine Füße sie schweben dahin,
meine Augen sie locken und glüh'n
und ich tanz' wie im Rausch den ich weiß,
meine Lippen sie küssen so heiß!

In meinen Adern drin,
da rollt das Blut der Tänzerin
Denn meine schöne Mutter war
Des Tanzes Knigin im gold'nen Alcazar.

Sie war so wunderschön,
ich hab' sie oft im Traum geseh'n.
Schlug sie das Tamburin, zu wildem Tanz,
dann sah man alle Augen glüh'n!

Sie ist in mir aufs neu erwacht,
ich hab' das gleiche Los.
Ich tanz' wie sie um Mitternacht
Und fühl das eine bloß:

Meine Lippen, sie küssen so heiß!
Meine Glieder sind schmiegsam und weiß / weich,
In den Sternen da steht es geschrieben:
Du sollst küssen, du sollst lieben!

Meine Füße sie schweben dahin,
meine Augen sie locken und glüh'n
und ich tanz' wie im Rausch, denn ich weiß,
meine Lippen sie küssen so heiß!

8. My lips give so fiery a kiss - Giuditta (1934)

F. Lehár

I never understand
why they keep talking of love,
when they come near me,
gaze into my eyes and kiss my hand.

I never understand,
Why they talk of magic,
you won't be able to resist, when you see me
when you pass me by.

But when the red light is on
In the middle of the night
And everybody is listening to my song,
Then it is plain to see:

My lips, they give so fiery a kiss,
My limbs, they are so supple and fair,
It is written for me in the stars:
Thou shalt kiss! Thou shalt love!

My feet, they glide and float,
My eyes, they lure and glow,
And I dance as if entranced, 'cause I know!
My lips give so fiery a kiss!

In my veins
runs a dancer's blood,
Because my beautiful mother
Was the Queen of dance in the gilded Alcazar

She was so very beautiful,
I often see her in my dreams,
beating the tambourine, to her beguiling dance
With all glowing eyes on her admiringly!

She is reawakened in me
I'm from the same lot.
I dance as her at midnight
And from deep within I feel:

My lips, they give so fiery a kiss!
My limbs, they are supple and fair,
It is written for me in the stars:
Thou shalt kiss! Thou shalt love!

My feet, they glide and float,
My eyes, they lure and glow,
And I dance as if entranced, 'cause I know!
My lips give so fiery a kiss!

9. 思乡 (1932)

Music: 黄自 / Text: 韦瀚章

柳丝系绿,
清明才过了,
独自个凭栏无语。
更那堪墙外鹃啼,
一声声道:“不如归去!”
惹起了万种闲情,
满怀别绪。
问落花:
“随渺渺微波 是否向南流?”
我愿与他同去。

9. Homesickness (1932)

Music: Huang Zi / Text: Wei Hanzhang

Willows are sprouting
right after the Festival of the Dead.
I lean against the railing, lonely and speechless.
Much less to endure the cuckoos' crying outside walls
Over and over, "Better go home!"
It provoked in me tens of thousands of feelings,
drowning me in a full cup of win.
I ask the falling blossoms:
with the gentle ripple
"Will you flow southward with the gentle ripple?"
If only I could flow away with it!

10. Think of me - Phantom of the Opera (1986)

A.Lloyd-Webber

Think of me, think of me fondly
When we've said goodbye
Remember me, once in a while
Please promise me you'll try
When you find that once again you long
To take your heart back and be free
If you ever find a moment
Spare a thought for me

We never said our love was evergreen
Or as unchanging as the sea
But if you can still remember
Stop and think of me

Think of all the things
We've shared and seen
Don't think about the way
Things might have been

Think of me, think of me waking
Silent and resigned
Imagine me trying too hard
To put you from my mind

Recall those days
Look back on all those times
Think of the things we'll never do
There will never be a day
When I won't think of you

Flowers fade, the fruits of summer fade
They have their season so do we
But please promise me that sometimes
You will think of me

11. Somewhere - West Side Story (1957)

L. Bernstein

There's a place for us,
Somewhere a place for us.
Peace and quiet and open air wait for us.
Somewhere.

There's a time for us,
Someday there'll be a time for us:
Time together with time to spare,
Time to learn, time to care.

Someday, somewhere,
We'll find a new way of living,
Will find a way of forgiving.
Somewhere.

There's a place for us,
A time and a place for us.
Hold my hand and we're halfway there,
Hold my hand and I'll take you there.
Somehow, someday, somewhere.

12. 红豆词 (1943)

Music: 刘雪庵 / Text: 曹雪芹

滴不尽相思血泪抛红豆,
开不完春柳春花满画楼,
睡不稳纱窗风雨黄昏后,
忘不了新愁与旧愁。
咽不下玉粒金莼噎满喉,
照不见菱花镜里形容瘦,
展不开眉头,捱不明更漏,
啊! 恰似遮不住的青山隐隐,
流不断的绿水悠悠。

12. Poem of the Red Bean (1943)

Music: Liu Xue'an / Text: Cao Xueqin

Ceaseless dripping of lovesick tears like tossed red beans
The forever prospering spring willow and flowers at the painted pavilion
In the twilight, sleep is restless as wind and rain lash the windows
Old and new pains cannot be forgotten
Fine food and wine cannot be swallowed and are lodged in my throat
Cannot bear to look at the thin frame and sallow face I see in the mirror
My brow cannot be smoothed, the night cannot be endured
Ah! My grief is like the silhouette of mountain peaks that can never be hidden
And the green stream that cannot stop flowing.

13. The sun whose rays - The Mikado (1885)

Gilbert and Sullivan

The sun, whose rays are all ablaze with ever-living glory,
does not deny his majesty--he scorns to tell a story!
He don't exclaim, "I blush for shame, so kindly be indulgent";
but fierce and bold, in fiery gold, he glories all effulgent.

I mean to rule the earth, as he the sky--
We really know our worth, the sun and I!

Observe his flame, that placid dame, the moon's celestial highness;
There's not a trace upon her face of diffidence or shyness:
She borrows light, that, through the night, mankind may all acclaim her!
And, truth to tell, she lights up well; So I, for one, don't blame her.

Ah, pray make no mistake, we are not shy;
We're very wide awake, the moon and I!

13. O mio babbino caro - Gianni Schicchi (1918)

G. Puccini

O mio babbino caro
Mi piace, è bello, bello
Vo' andare in Porta Rossa
A comperar l'anello!
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
E se l'amassi indarno,
Andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
Ma per buttarmi in Arno!
Mi struggo e mi tormento!
O Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

14. Je veux vivre - Roméo et Juliette (1867)

C. Gounod

Ah! Je veux vivre
Dans ce rêve qui m'enivre;
Ce jour encore,
Douce flamme,
Je te garde dans mon âme
Comme un trésor!

Cette ivresse de jeunesse
Ne dure, hélas! qu'un jour!
Puis vient l'heure où l'on pleure,
Le cœur cède à l'amour,
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour.

Loin de l'hiver morose
Laisse-moi sommeiller
Et respirer la rose
Avant de l'effeuiller.

Ah! Douce flamme,
Reste dans mon âme
Comme un doux trésor
Longtemps encore!

13. Oh my dear papa - Gianni Schicchi (1918)

G. Puccini

Oh my dear papa
I like him, he is so handsome.
I want to go to Porta Rossa
To buy the ring!
Yes, yes, I want to go there!
And if my love were in vain,
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio
And throw myself in the Arno!
I am pining, I am tormented!
Oh God, I would want to die!
Father, have pity, have pity!
Father, have pity, have pity!

14. I want to live - Roméo et Juliette (1867)

C. Gounod

Ah! I want to live in this dream
that intoxicates me;
this day still.
Sweet flame,
I keep you in my soul
like a treasure!

This intoxication of youth
does not last, alas, but one day!
Then comes the hour when we weep,
the heart surrenders to love,
and happiness flies off without ever coming back.

Far from the sullen winter
let me slumber
and breathe in the rose,
before plucking out its petals.

Ah! Sweet flame,
stay in my heart
like a sweet treasure
forevermore!